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We march, we march, to victory.

PROCESSIONAL HYMN.

* The Words by the
Rev. GERARD MOULTRIE.

The music by
JOSEPH BARNBY.

London : NOVELLO, EWER and Co., 1, Berners-street (W.), and 35, Poultry (E.C.)

Marcato. *cres.* *mf*

TREBLE. We march, we march to vic-to-ry With the Cross of the Lord be-fore us, With His lov-ing eye looking

ALTO. We march, we march to vic-to-ry With the Cross of the Lord be-fore us, With His lov-ing eye looking

TENOR (8ve. lower). We march, we march to vic-to-ry With the Cross of the Lord be-fore us, With His lov-ing eye looking

BASS. We march, we march to vic-to-ry With the Cross of the Lord be-fore us, With His lov-ing eye looking

Marcato. *Gt. to 15th, with Swell coupled.* *Sw.*

ACCOMP.

down from the sky, And His Ho-ly Arm spread o'er us, His Ho-ly Arm spread o'er us. We

down from the sky, And His Ho-ly Arm spread o'er us, His Arm spread o'er us. We

down from the sky, And His Ho-ly Arm spread o'er us, His Ho-ly Arm spread o'er us. We

down from the sky, And His Ho-ly Arm spread o'er us, His arm spread o'er us. We

Gt. ff

(1)

* From "Hymns and Lyrics for the Seasons of the Church."

WE MARCH, WE MARCH TO VICTORY.

come in the might of the Lord of Light In surplic'd train to meet Him; And we put to flight the

mf.

Sv.

ar-mies of night, That the sons of the day may greet Him, the sons of the day may

f.

Gt.

greet Him. We march, we march to vic - to - ry, With the cross of the Lord be -

f.

WE MARCH, WE MARCH TO VICTORY.

mf
- fore us, With His lov - ing eye looking down from the sky, And His Ho - ly Arm spread

mf
- fore us, With His lov - ing eye looking down from the sky, And His Ho - ly Arm spread

mf
- fore us, With His lov - ing eye looking down from the sky, And His Ho - ly Arm spread

mf
- fore us, With His lov - ing eye looking down from the sky, And His Ho - ly Arm spread

Sw. *Gt. ff*

All verses except the last. *Last verse only.*
o'er us, His Ho - ly Arm spread o'er us. The o'er us. 2nd verse.
o'er us, His Arm spread o'er us. The o'er . . us.
o'er us, His Ho - ly Arm spread o'er us. The o'er . . us.
o'er us, His Arm spread o'er us. The o'er us.

All verses except the last. *Last verse only.*

The bands of the alien flee away
When our chant goes up like thunder,
And the van of the Lord, in serried array,
Cleaves Satan's ranks asunder.

We march, we march, &c.

We tread to the roll of the organ swell,
With the watchword duly given ;
And we challenge the Prince of the Hosts of Hell
To fight for the Gates of Heaven :

We march, we march, &c.

Our sword is the Spirit of God on High,
Our helmet His salvation ;
Our banner the Cross of Calvary,
Our watchword—the Incarnation.

We march, we march, &c.

We tread in the might of the Lord of Hosts,
And we fear not man nor devil :
For our Captain Himself guards well our coasts,
To defend His Church from evil :

We march, we march, &c.

He marches in front of His banner unfurled,
Which he raised that His own might find Him ;
And the Holy Church throughout all the world
Falls into rank behind Him,

We march, we march, &c.

And the choir of angels with song awaits
Our march to the golden Sion ;
For our Captain has broken the brazen gates,
And burst the bars of iron ;

We march, we march, &c.

Then onward we march, our arms to prove,
With the banner of Christ before us,
With His eye of love looking down from above,
And His Holy Arm spread o'er us.
We march, we march to victory
With the Cross of the Lord before us,
With His loving eye looking down from the sky,
And His Holy Arm spread o'er us.